

Good Morning 60

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

£5,000 FOR YOUR STAMPS

By
CHRIS GOULD

THERE was an ill-concealed excitement on the face of the young sailor who a few minutes previously had come into the shop with a large, grubby envelope under his arm. Inside the envelope was a book, and the grey-haired shopman pored over the pages with a magnifying glass.

"You've picked up some good stamps on your travels," he admitted at length. "This British Somaliland set may be worth £80. We could probably get you four times that amount for the whole lot."

Bearing this in mind, why not start a collection? Fortunes in stamps are being found these days. Rare and also new issues are being sent from this country to the United States almost every day of the week, and the value of the business is about £250,000 a year.

Stamps, in fact, have become a considerable item on Britain's list of war-time exports. A French colonial collection flown to New York only a few days ago is expected to fetch £5,000.

Allied Governments in London have made special issues which are tokens of their countries' spirit of resistance and of their faith in ultimate victory.

An English stamp has just been sold in the Hague for 48,000 gilders—£4,000 at normal rates of exchange. It was a used ultramarine King Edward VII 10s. superimposed "I.R. Official." The sale was extensively reported in the Nazi-controlled Dutch news-

papers which have just reached me.

Only a score

According to these reports—with photographs of the auction—a large number of collectors attended the sale, and the bidding, which started at 22,000 gilders, went up 2,000 gilders at a time.

An official of a London stamp dealing firm tells me that there were only 20 or 30 copies of this stamp in existence.

"Used specimens are catalogued here at £1,150, and unused copies at £1,450," he said. "Two or three years before the war we sold one for £850. It went to a Dutchman, a big diamond merchant. But it cannot be the same stamp, as that was an unused one."

The Edward VII 10s. was issued on April 29, 1902, and was withdrawn from circulation on May 12.

If you come across a rare stamp it is as safe as a bank-note. Stamp values are not just fictitious figures. A panel of leading experts sits daily in London under the auspices of the British Philatelic Association, acting on behalf of the Board of Trade, and examines all stamps to be exported.

The chief aim of this supervision is to ensure that not a single stamp sent out of the country is undervalued. But for this watch constantly kept, the Treasury might easily be defrauded of many thousands of much-needed American dollars by "stamp smugglers."

Starring:
CUSTARD
PIE!



Maybe some of you can recall the custard-pie-sliding days of Charlie Chaplin. . . . Maybe our own old age thinks it was n't so long ago. Anyway, the custard custom is in vogue again, and here is the "Target for to-day!" Who is she? For answer see Page 4.

It would be—but for the panel of experts—a simple matter for an unscrupulous person to send to a confederate in the United States stamps worth, say, £500, having declared their value to be only £50. This would mean that the Treasury would get merely £50 worth of dollars, while the smuggler would have £450 safely locked up in a hidden dollar account.

Here's your chance

If you're on the high seas, or indeed in any branch of the Services that takes you overseas, or if you have relatives serving abroad, then you may be in a better position than millions of others to get rare stamps that are really worth something. If so, don't rip them carelessly off the envelope.

Whenever you handle your stamps, do so with the aid of tweezers. This prevents the possibility of straining a stamp. Such a thing may occur from hot or sticky fingers. Even the moisture of the hands may be slightly acid, which can seriously affect the colour of the stamp.

Use a shallow dish, so that the stamp just lies on the water, face uppermost. Before putting stamps in water, be careful to see that the colours will not run. This applies to the two-or-more-colour variety, those printed in fugitive colours, and in the case where coloured postmarks are used. If you have any doubt, or if only small pieces of paper have to be removed, then it is better to damp the paper with the aid of a camel-hair brush dipped in water.

Another method, and one which is advocated by many collectors, is to lay your stamps on damp blotting-paper, apply a little pressure, and after a while the paper will come away freely.

Iron it out

Should your stamp be creased, it is possible to improve it by "ironing." This is done by damping the stamp, placing it between blotting-paper, and pressing a hot iron over the sandwiched stamp. To freshen up an apparently faded specimen, apply hydrogen peroxide to the surface.

Be on the look-out for new war-time issues. They may be worth pence now, but pounds in later years.

The Fighting French, for instance, now have their own stamps for use in most of the territories of the French Empire under their control—the Cameroons, Equatorial Africa, the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, off Newfoundland, and so on.

A new issue came out recently for Madagascar. Previously they had overprinted the old stamps with the words "France Libre."

Poland, Norway, Belgium, Holland, Czechoslovakia, have all set the imprint of their national independence on postage stamps printed for them in England.

The other day the Norwegians issued a particularly eloquent set of six. King Haakon, the midnight sun, ski troops, Norwegian airmen, and the famous

MUCH has been said in the House of Commons recently about post-war plans. Though much of it would appear to be just up-in-the-air pipe-dreaming, some debates have a great interest.

Housing and pensions have enjoyed prominence, but the most interesting point, from a world viewpoint anyway, was the future of civil aviation.

It was said that unless Britain



The world's rarest stamp, a one-cent Guiana. Insured on Lloyd's for £10,000.

torpedo-boat Sleipner figure in the designs.

"The Phantom" Stamp

Sleipner's exploits against the Nazi invaders will always have a place in Norway's story. She struck most often in the night, and Norwegians spoke of her as "The Phantom Avenger."

One million sets of the six were printed, and a very large quantity came into the hands of dealers and went overseas.

The war has brought about notable changes in some of our own Empire stamps and in their values. Take, for example, the 1938 issue for British Somaliland. This consisted of a set of the face value of £1. When, in August, 1940, we were attacked by overwhelmingly superior Italian forces and had to withdraw from the territory, the market value of the set immediately rocketed to £9.

Soon after we had driven the Italians out there was a fresh issue, with a slight difference. The King's head was turned a little more towards full face.

So look through your stamps. You may have some equal to that £5,000 French Colonial collection. Of course, if you'd sooner keep the stamps than have the money . . .

By RONALD RICHARDS

I get around

made some very definite plans in the very near future she would be left standing by America and Russia, each of which State has well-advanced plans for post-war air travel.

In September, 1942, a committee, presided over by Captain A. Lamplugh, started to work on a report to the Government on the prospects and necessities of any future of British civil aviation. From consultations with leading members of the aircraft industry, transport experts and noted fliers, it was decided that about 1,000 planes of various civil transport types are likely to be needed for the operation of trunk routes throughout the Empire in the years immediately after the war.

Unless British operators from the United Kingdom and the Dominions can be supplied with suitable civil types, or failing them, reasonably adequate modifications of existing types of military planes, immediately after war ends, British air lines will have to operate largely with American equipment for at least four years after fighting ends.

LULU is a very hardy young female, a friend in Illinois, U.S.A., tells me.

When Lulu woke up from a long winter sleep she was in a very bad mood, so it was decided to destroy her. She was fed with potassium cyanide in an apple, and she gobbled it up and asked for more, so they gave her more apples and more cyanide, but still she came back for more. In desperation, they gave her seven cubes of strychnine, enough to kill seven men, and even this failed to make her drowsy; so they are going to let her live.

No doubt Lulu was grateful for the reprieve, as were local children, many of whom regard her as the best-looking bear in the Zoo.

AT a West Ham whist drive I had the luck and pleasure of taking twelve tricks from ninety-year-old Mrs. H. Handley.

The widow of a local councillor, Freeman of the City and a founder of West Ham

United, Mrs. Handley goes to three or four whist drives a week. Frequently, too, she organises local drives for war charities.

"If I couldn't get a game of cards now and again life wouldn't be worth living," she said. She has five sons, two daughters, thirteen grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Clearly a case, I think, of being lucky at cards and love.

NEWS of fantastic sums paid for dogs has reached London from America, where, it is reported, wealthy people are offering up to £1,500 for pedigree canines. Within the last few weeks a chow was sold for £1,000; two bulldogs went for several hundred pounds each; a wire-haired fox terrier fetched £1,200.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN

SOMETHING terrible's happened!

Charlie Chaplin has discarded his traditional moustache, baggy trousers, cane and boots for his next film comedy, "The French Bluebeard."

In spite of thousands of letters from all over the world pleading with him not to forsake "The Little Chap," he is sticking to his decision.



Though Norway is occupied territory and unable to use her own postage stamps, there is a Norwegian territory in her Floating Empire (Norwegian ships). These six stamps will be used mainly by merchant seamen, who can affix them to the letters they post at sea, for ultimate delivery in the ports of the free world.

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS 23

1. How many words can you find in which the letters A B C appear in that order?
2. Which of the following words is mis-spelt: CALIPASH, CARBOHYDRATE, CALCULUS, METICULUS?
3. Can you change NOTE into CASH, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: LURE into CROW, PIG into HOG, MILK into RICE into SAGO.
4. Many four - letter words can you make from the word INTERFERENCE? And how many five-letter words?

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 22

1. INGOING.
2. PARSIMONY.
3. YARD, HARD, HARE, HIRE, MIRE, MILE, TEA, SEA, SET, SOT, HOT, SEEK, MEEK, MEET, MELT, BELT, BELL, SELL, SILL, RILL, RILE, RIDE, HIDE, NEVER, SEVER, SAVER, RAVEN, RAVES, RATES, PATES, PATEN, OATEN, OFTEN.
4. Beat, Halt, Bate, Bale, Late, Hate, Help, etc.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 59

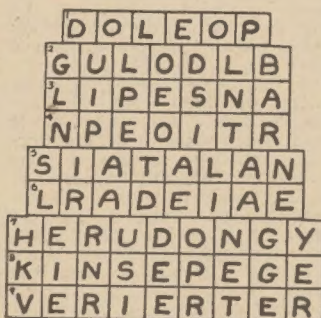
Missing Words: Pirate, Irate, Rate, Ate.



Rearrange these words according to the clues, and the centre word down will describe the shape of the puzzle. Clues:—

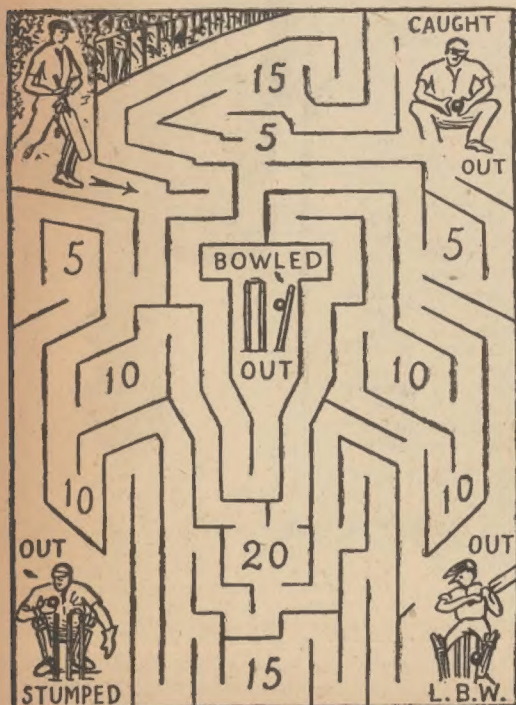
1. Spirit.
2. Not amusing.
3. Slouch.
4. "Watch the birdie."
5. -2 -3 -4, etc.

HIDDEN HOUNDS



Here are the names of some well-known breeds of dogs. Can you spot them?

CRICKET



You are going in to bat. Adding your own score as you proceed, see how many you can make before you get out, but you may not pass over the same paths twice. If you run into the same number twice, you count yourself "run out."

JANE



By HERMAN MELVILLE

TOWARDS noon we drew abreast the entrance to the harbour, and at last we slowly swept by the intervening promontory, and entered the bay of Nukuheva. No description can do justice to its beauty; but that beauty was lost to me then, and I saw nothing but the tri-coloured flag of France, trailing over the stern of six vessels, whose black hulls, and bristling broadsides, proclaimed their warlike character.

There they were, floating in that lovely bay, the green eminences of the shore looking down so tranquilly upon them, as if rebuking the sternness of their aspect. To my eye, nothing could be more out of keeping than the presence of these vessels; but we soon learnt what brought them there. The whole group of islands had just been taken possession of by Rear-Admiral Du Petit Thouars, in the name of the "invincible French nation."

This item of information was imparted to us by a most extraordinary individual, a genuine South Sea vagabond, who came alongside of us in a whale-boat as soon as we entered the bay, and,

by the aid of some benevolent persons at the gangway, was assisted on board, for our visitor was in that interesting stage of intoxication when a man is amiable and helpless. Although he was utterly unable to stand erect, or to navigate his body across the deck, he still magnanimously proffered his services to pilot the ship to a good and secure anchorage. Our captain, however, rather distrusted his ability in this respect, and refused to recognise his claim to the character he assumed; but our gentleman was determined to play his part, for, by dint of much scrambling, he succeeded in getting into the weather-quarter boat, where he steadied himself by holding on to a shroud, and then commenced issuing his commands with amazing volubility and very peculiar gestures. Of course, no one obeyed his orders; but as it was impossible to quiet him, we swept by the ships of the squadron with this strange fellow performing his antics in full view of all the French officers.

We afterwards learned that our eccentric friend had been a lieutenant in the English navy, but having disgraced his flag by some criminal conduct, he had deserted his ship, and spent many years wandering among the islands of the Pacific, until accidentally being at Nukuheva when the French took possession of the place, he had been appointed pilot of the harbour by the newly constituted authorities.

As we slowly advanced up the bay numerous canoes pushed off from the surrounding shores, and we were soon in the midst of quite a flotilla of them, their savage occupants struggling to get aboard of us, and jostling one another in their ineffectual attempts.

Occasionally the projecting outriggers of their slight shallops, running foul of one another, would become entangled beneath the water, threatening to capsize the canoes, when a scene of confusion would ensue that baffles description. Such strange outcries and passionate gesticulations I never certainly heard or saw before. You would have thought the islanders were on the point of flying at one another's throats, whereas they were only amicably engaged in disentangling their boats.

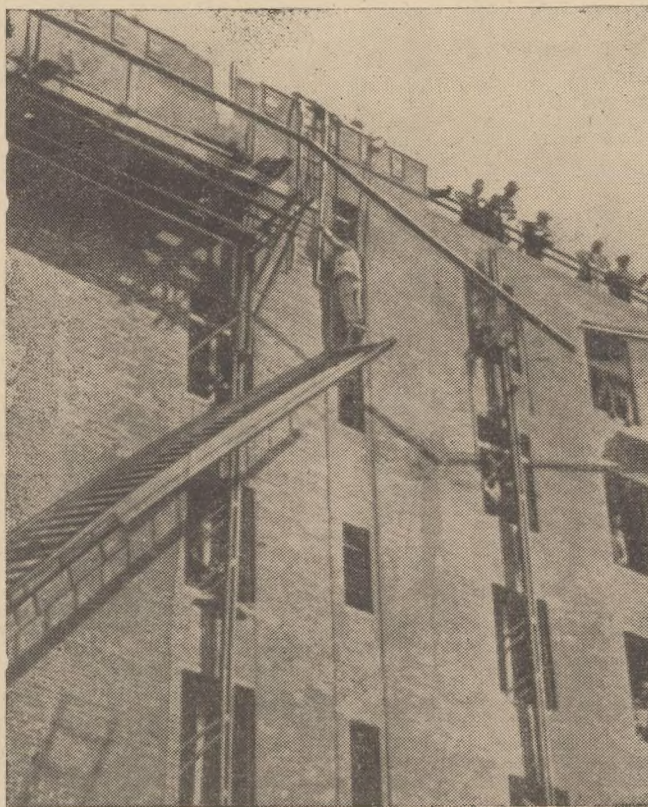
Scattered here and there among the canoes might be seen numbers

of cocoa-nuts floating closely together in circular groups, and bobbing up and down with every wave. By some inexplicable means these cocoa-nuts were all steadily approaching towards the ship.

As I leaned curiously over the side, endeavouring to solve their mysterious movements, one mass,

that what I had supposed to have been one of the fruit was nothing else than the head of an islander, who had adopted this singular method of bringing his produce to market. The cocoa-nuts were all attached to one another by strips of the husk, partly torn from the shell, and rudely fastened together. Their proprietor, in-

CURIOUS ACCIDENTS



WORKMAN CLINGS TO BROKEN SCAFFOLD.
John McCann, 37 (above ladder, centre), is shown clinging for his life during a rescue attempt after a 50-foot section of scaffolding gave way on a New York building. McCann holds a brace, while firemen work from above, and a plank is extended from a window to aid him.

far in advance of the rest, attracted my attention. In its centre was something I could take for nothing else than a cocoa-nut, but which I certainly considered one of the most extraordinary specimens of the fruit I had ever seen. It kept twirling and dancing about among the rest in the most singular manner: and as it drew nearer, I thought it bore a remarkable resemblance to the brown shaven skull of one of the savages.

Presently it betrayed a pair of eyes, and soon I became aware

serting his head into the midst of them, impelled his necklace of cocoa-nuts through the water by striking out beneath the surface with his feet.

I was somewhat astonished to perceive that among the number of natives that surrounded us, not a single female was to be seen. At that time I was ignorant of the fact that by the operation of the "taboo," the use of canoes in all parts of the island is rigorously prohibited to the entire sex, for whom it is death even to be seen entering one when hauled on

QUIZ for today



1. What are Houyhnhnms?
2. One of these words is not in the Bible; which is it: Barrel, Bottle, Bitter, Glass, Soda, Port?
3. What is a "hyperbole"?
4. What is a Jimmy o' Goblins?
5. Who wrote (a) "Little Dorrit," (b) "Little Women," (c) "Little Lord Fauntleroy"?
6. What is meant by jactitation?
7. How many stripes are there in the U.S. flag?
8. What is the second line of Gray's "Elegy"?
9. Why do we call enthusiasts "fans"?
10. Who wrote, "You've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got to get up this morning"?
11. "As large as life and twice as natural." Where does that come from?
12. When were fifteen men first used as a Rugby football side?

Answers to Quiz in No. 59

1. (a) Hero of a play by Barrie. (b) A novel by Marryat. (c) Pseudonym of William Cobbett.
2. A wine shop.
3. Old name of commander-in-chief of Japanese Army.
4. A happy invention.
5. In California.
6. From Lydd, in Kent.
7. Macbeth.
8. (a) Mrs. Langtry, the actress, (b) her racing name.
9. Rudder.
10. (a) Six, (b) Four.
11. A Mohammedan who has made a pilgrimage to Mecca.
12. Hebe, the goddess of youth, was cup-bearer to the gods.

shore; consequently, whenever a Marquesan lady voyages by water, she puts in requisition the paddles of her own fair body.

We had approached within a mile and a half perhaps of the foot of the bay, when some of the islanders, who by this time had managed to scramble aboard of us at the risk of swamping their canoes, directed our attention to a singular commotion in the water ahead of the vessel.

At first I imagined it to be produced by a shoal of fish sporting on the surface, but our savage friends assured us that it was caused by a shoal of "whinhenies" (young girls), who in this manner were coming off from the shore to welcome us.

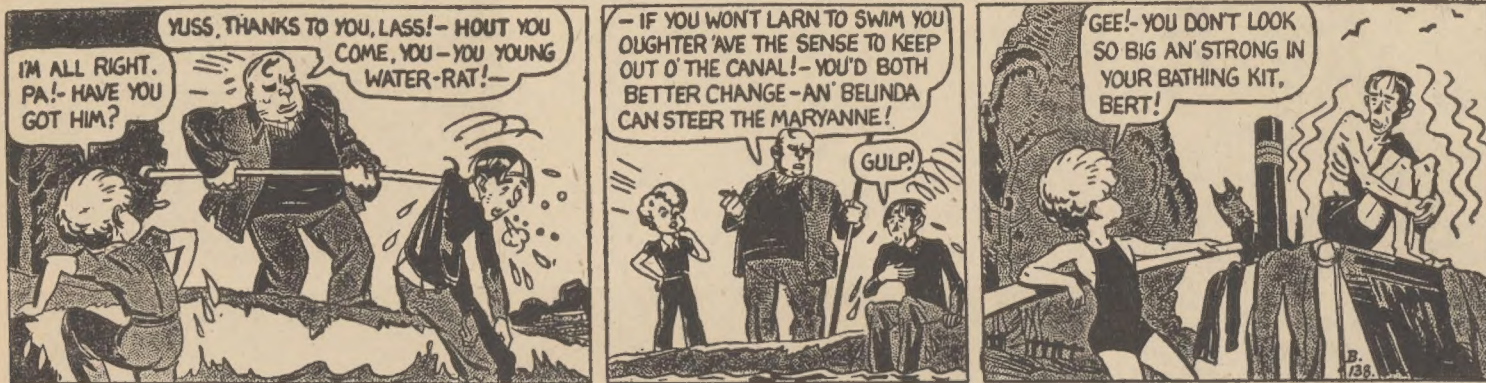
As they drew nearer, and I watched the rising and sinking of their forms, and beheld the uplifted right arm bearing above the water the girdle of tappa, and their long dark hair trailing beside them as they swam, I almost fancied they could be nothing else than so

Continued on Page 3.

Beelzebub Jones



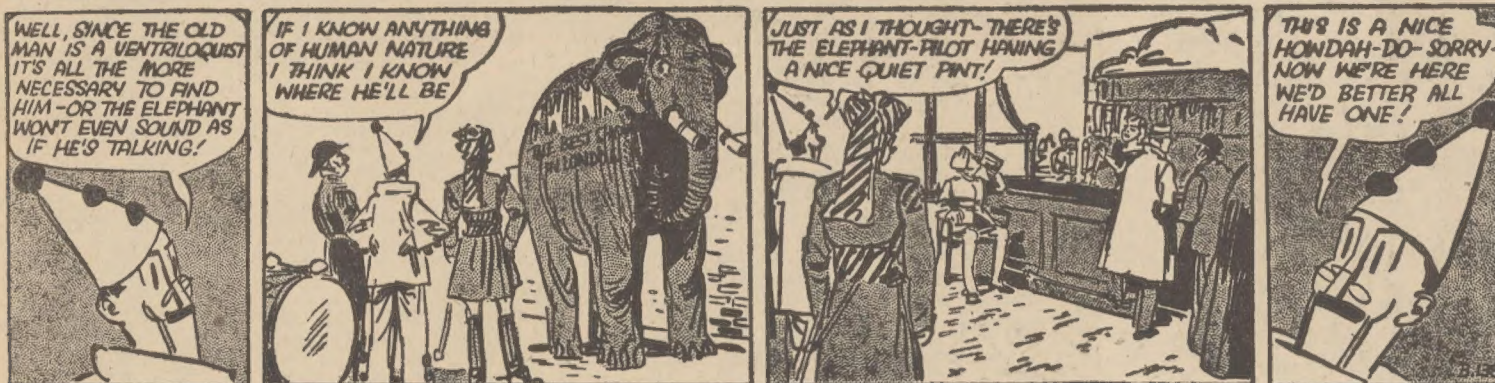
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Denizens of the Deep

By C. N. DORAN, Zoologist

YOU submarine men, do you ever think that deep in the sea under your keel there are queer villains, comedians and acrobats among the lesser dwellers of the ocean bed?

Can you think, for instance, that prawns play football? They do, and films have been taken of them playing.

For some years the most remarkable library of films has been built up and deposited with the London Zoological Society.

Some of these films were taken at the Plymouth Marine Biological Laboratory some time ago, and show the most amazing aspects of life of marine creatures.

There is a picture which shows how a Lesser Octopus, for instance, attacks a crab. It is a murder scene, pure and simple, and it might be called a cannibal scene. First we get a view of the crab registering fear as the assassin enters the stage.

MURDER SCENE. The octopus comes in backward. This is how the creature moves, because his water-valve is so fixed that it drives his body first, with the long arms streaming behind.

Having seen the victim, the octopus converts itself into a kind of parachute and drops slowly. As it comes down, a long tentacle flicks under the side of the shell-fish, and, with a swift movement, turns it over on its back. And that is that.

As for prawns playing football, the picture shows this unmistakably. Little chunks of fish were dropped into the water. A prawn swims up to one and begins to punt at it with a foreleg. A second prawn joins in, then a third, and so on.

Before long there is a regular game, with the prawns striking out at the bit of chopped fish and chasing it all over the place. All this is clearly play, for prawns, when hungry, take their meals in ordinary fashion.

Some of the insects thus photographed may soon become extinct at zoos. Take, for instance, the wonderful giant stick insect. It grows to about ten inches long, and a film of it reveals it devouring bramble leaves at a great rate. This insect hangs down backward from brambles, and its jaws work cross-ways.

TAIL GUN. In the tail of the female there is a sort of gun that fires 250 "rounds" of black eggs. This gun can send eggs to a length of thirty feet. The idea is to scatter the eggs so that enemies may not come upon them in a cluster.

The glass of the insect house was often struck by the eggs as the creature fired. Even the photographer was hit in the waistcoat.

The pipe-fish is so like the reeds among which it lives that there is often great difficulty in finding it; but after great patience it was found and photographed. And it didn't like being photographed, and stood up, waving itself slowly like a reed, trying to hide.

Perhaps one of the most interesting films shows a crab disguising itself in a forest of seaweed.

It tore bits of seaweed off the main stems and plastered its body with them, and legs, too.

To see what this fellow would do elsewhere, he was lifted and put upon some sponges; and he became anxious and sat thinking it out. Then started to tear the sponges to pieces, and decked himself with the bits.

TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

many mermaids: and very like mermaids they behaved, too.

We were still some distance from the beach, and under slow headway, when we sailed right into the midst of these swimming nymphs,

and they boarded us at every quarter; many seizing hold of the chain-plates and springing into the chains; others, at the peril of being run over by the vessel in her course, catching at the bob-stays, and wreathing their slender

forms about the ropes, hung suspended in the air.

All of them at length succeeded in getting up the ship's side, where they clung dripping with the brine and glowing from the bath, their jet-black tresses streaming over their shoulders, and half enveloping their otherwise naked forms. There they hung, sparkling with savage vivacity, laughing

gaily at one another, and chatting away with infinite glee.

Nor were they idle the while, for each one performed the simple offices of the toilet for the other. Their luxuriant locks, wound up and twisted into the smallest possible compass, were freed from the briny element; the whole person carefully dried, and from a little round shell that passed from hand to hand, anointed with a fragrant oil: their adornments were completed by passing a few loose folds of white tappa, in a modest cinch, around the waist.

Thus arrayed they no longer hesitated, but flung themselves lightly over the bulwarks, and were quickly frolicking about the decks. Many of them went forward, perching upon the head-rails or running out upon the bowsprit, while others seated themselves upon the taffrail, or reclined at full length upon the boats.

(Continued in No. 61)

ODD CORNER

ANIMALS used to be charged with crimes like human beings, and were tried in court. In 1457, at Lavegny, France, a sow and six piglets appeared in the dock, charged with "partly eating a child." A verdict of murder was found against the sow, but the piglets were acquitted on account of their extreme youth and the bad example set them by their mother. The judge had pork for dinner.

The leeches in a pond at Lausanne caused annoyance

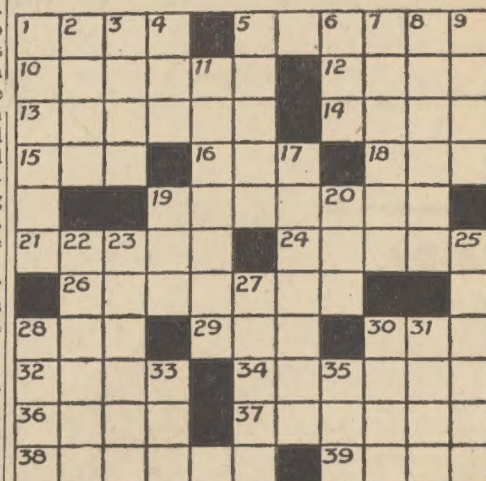
in 1451, and were solemnly served with a summons. As they completely ignored it, they were prosecuted for "contempt of court," and a warrant was issued for their arrest. The few which were caught were severely admonished and warned to leave the district within a few days. They were then put back into the pond to tell their fellows. None of them obeyed orders, so the whole lot were excommunicated!

One case, concerning a beetle at St. Julien, lasted 42 years, owing to the fact that the lawsuit was directed at the whole species instead of the individual. The beetles were granted a certain territory of land on which to

live, but the case was then opened up all over again because a farmer claimed a right-of-way across their territory.

St. Bernard once excommunicated a fly which persisted in tickling his nose; and at Basle, in 1474, a cock was burnt to death for witchcraft for laying an egg. Rats, dogs, locusts and caterpillars have all appeared in court, domestic animals being tried in common criminal courts, and wild ones in the ecclesiastical courts. In law, a cat was—and still is—treated as a wild animal, because it is held impossible to cure it of its poaching instinct.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Maiden.
- 5 Shoes.
- 10 Much adorned.
- 12 Object of devotion.
- 13 Tendon.
- 14 Sea movement.
- 15 Go too slow.
- 16 Something for writers.
- 18 Unusual.
- 19 Melodious.
- 21 Journal.
- 24 Height of step.
- 26 Tableau.
- 28 Head covering.
- 29 Spring.
- 30 Time just before.
- 32 Four roads.
- 34 Drive forward.
- 36 Dated.
- 37 Stick.
- 38 Drawing instrument.
- 39 Honey drink.

**HEAP MORALS
INTEGER SET
SLOP TEASER
SIMPLE POKE
V EASTER W
BERRY E TAN
ONE MEAT D
K AME KUDOS
IMPEND TUNE
NOEL UTOPIA
GORDON REST**

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Flop along.
- 2 Zone.
- 3 Jagged projections.
- 4 Woe-begone.
- 5 Finch.
- 6 Boring-piece.
- 7 Hatful.
- 8 Walk unsteadily.
- 9 Vehicles on runners.
- 11 Holdings.
- 17 Boy's name.
- 19 Sheep.
- 20 Adapt.
- 22 N. American Indian.
- 23 Supporter.
- 25 Staggered.
- 27 Dismay.
- 28 Fastener.
- 30 Fencing weapon.
- 31 Girl's name.
- 33 And so on.
- 35 Electrical unit.

The address for all your communications with "GOOD MORNING" is printed under the title on Page 4.

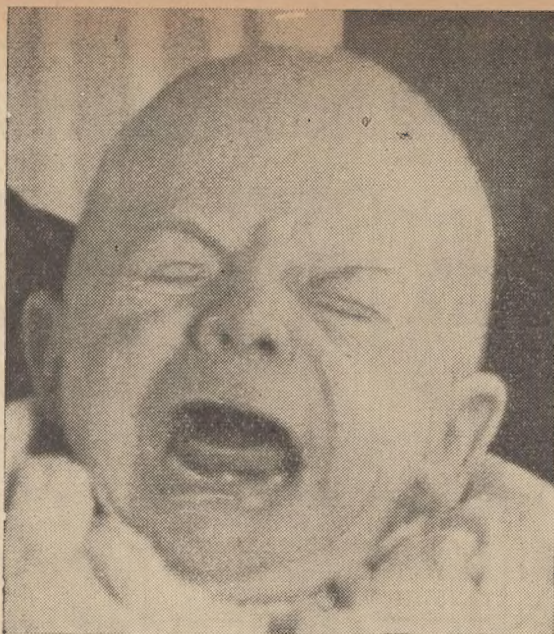
Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

DE-CUSTARDED

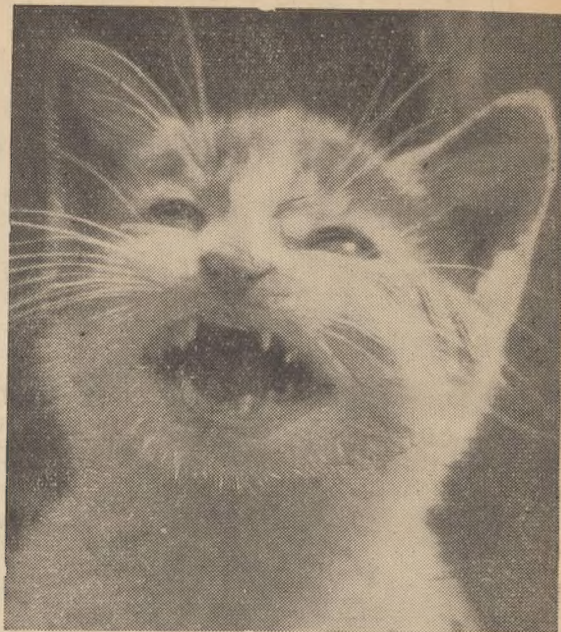


Revealed! It may have been face-cream, or FAYE'S-cream. Anyway, Alice Faye here is the young lady who apparently never heard of a spoon, on the front page."



"I'm soaked, I'm terribly dry, I'm horribly hungry, and I'm damnwell fed up!"

"If you think I'm laughin', you're darnwell mistaken, you boob. For pities' sake, leave at least a morsel of that fish. Ain't you got a heart!"

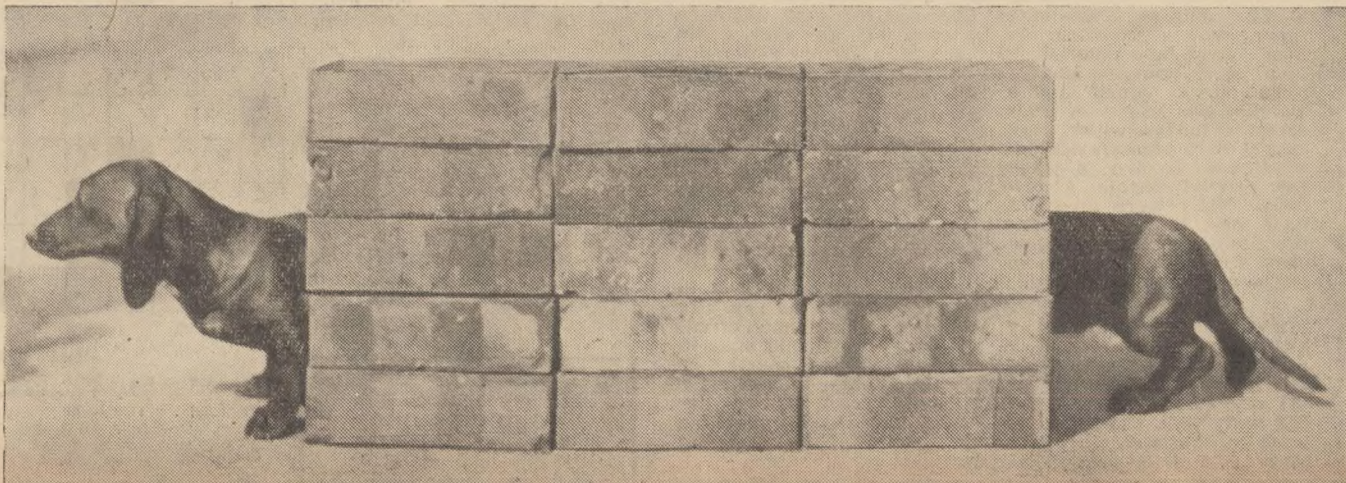


This England

Ploughing, under an ominous sky. Our debt to agriculture is almost inestimable. How often are we more inclined to see the beauty of scenes like this, without appreciating the untiring effort of our farm-workers.

DA-DA-DA-DA DACHSHUND

Somebody's dropped a brick, a few bricks, in fact, here. Or is it the result of our last long-drink? Can any reader tell us how this animal keeps its belly off the floor? Thanks... we thought so.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'll give the game away—there's two of em."

